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Stepping Stones To Peace



BY
JANE GREY SYME

Lovingly Dedicated to my Friend
Elizabeth C. Wickersham

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NOV 18 1912

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BOSTON
HOOPER PRINTING COMPANY
1909

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THERE is nothing to know but Truth,
There is nothing to do but love;
There is no place to go where God is not, —
The wide, wide, world is a garden spot
Where the flowers of Truth eternally bloom,
Where the tares and weeds can find no room,
For there is no place where God is not.

ONLY BE GLAD

IF we'll fill every moment with gladness,
And sing through the shadows and tears,
There'll soon be no room for the sadness
That comes from our doubts and our fears.
For why should we go about grieving,
When there're so many good things to do,
If we're trying to follow our Master
And to love, and be honest and true?

Love will fill up the minutes and hours,
If we will just sing and be glad,
And never a moment be wasted
If we'll trust and forget to be sad.
For ever, anon, in His presence,
There is fulness of joy and of rest,
And there's no cause for sorrow or sadness,
If we're trying to give Him our best.

Dear heart, dispel all thoughts of sadness
And trusting your God just be free,
For the same love that plans for the sparrow,
Is planning and caring for thee.
And as the birds sing midst their working,
Oh fill all thine hours with song,
And the same love that formed thee, will use thee,
To make right the things that seem wrong.

SUNSHINE CAKE

INTO a dark and rainy day,
Stir a cupful of kind deeds;
Mix in well some cheery thoughts
And a pint of happy seeds.

Add good humor, the size of an egg
Love enough to make it light;
Bake in the stove of a warm little heart
And the cake will be just right.



LITTLE THINGS

THE smallest of seeds send forth great trees,
And the tiny drops make up the seas,
The dear baby stars fill the sky with their light,
Little helpers are needed to drive away night,
While the silver moon guards the slumbering land,
So wonderfully shaped from wee grains of sand.

Where'er we may go we will find it is true,
That the little things make up the great,
And the sweet little thoughts, be they ever so small,
And the kind little acts, if love governs them all,
Will grow into noble and beautiful deeds,
That will lift heavy burdens wherever they fall,

OMNIPOTENCE

“THERE is no power apart from God,”
In space no subtle error creeps;
The height and breadth and depth of Mind
Is all that we can know or find
From vaulted skies to Neptune’s deeps.

“There is no power apart from God,”
He holds each atom in its place;
Through laws of love that are divine
He conquers death, disease, and time,
And fills with life and truth all space.

“There is no power apart from God,”
He is all substance, action, cause.
He is all place, locality,
All wisdom, immortality,
And governs through eternal laws.

“There is no power apart from God,”
No evil that can harm or force
An idea of His loving mind,
Reflecting love to all mankind,
From out its sphere or natural course.

“There is no power apart from God,”
Therefore His child need fear no ill;
His love in breadth and depth and height,
Encircling all with power and might,
Leaves naught in space to harm or kill.

ANGEL FOOD CAKE

A LITTLE more rest and a little less hurry,
A little more calm and a little less worry,
A volume of smiles and an ocean of love,
A face as serene as the blue skies above;
A life full of trust and no longing or sighing,
No space and no room left for sorrow or crying,
The result's sure to come without having to bake.
And you'll find it far sweeter than sweetest of cake.



THY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT

“SUNSET and evening star
And one clear call for me,”
And all I ask as I go my way
Is to know, Lord, more of Thee.

“Twilight and evening bell”—
Then this thought in my heart:
“Where’er I go, where’er I am
Eternal Love Thou art.”

Day dawn and morning star—
God wakens me from sleep;
And as I rise the manna falls
With which to feed His sheep.

OH! JUST LOVE!

WHEN envy, resentment, malice, and doubt,
Jealousy, fear, distrust are about,
When others do wrong and we try to do right,
When they seem in the shadow and we in the light,
Oh! Just love!

When we're in the sunshine and they're in the gloom,
When we sing from joy and they scoff at our tune;
When their hearts are heavy, and our hearts yearn
To lighten their burden, and this, too, they spurn,
Oh! Just love!

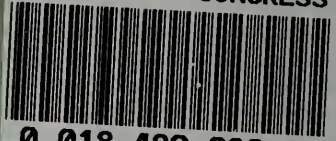
To return good for evil is always the best;
To be misunderstood can but put to the test
The good that is in us; so give if thou must
To thy foe in all kindness, thy very last crust,
And just love!

A PRAYER

HELP me, O God, to daily rise above
The claims of so-called death, disease and sin,
To keep my thoughts within Thy realm of love,
And listen for the "still small voice" within.

Help me to lay aside all thought of self,
To humble be, to love my fellow man;
O keep me free from insincerity,
And I will do for Thee the best I can.

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